BROTHERS IN ARMS AND FACT.

QUEER MEETINGS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Brothers Who Met at an Arizona Army Post, One a Private, the Other a Lieutenant—Luck of a Sleepwalker in the Navy Who Was Unjustly Treated.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—A story recently printed in THE SUN about brothers accidentally meeting in the enlisted service of the United States, land and sea, uncovered a stack of service reminiscences on that subject down here. There are several instances of the meeting of brothers in the same military post or on board the same ship, one wearing the uniform of an officer and the other the Government straights of an enlisted man. A singular example of such a case cropped out in a trial by general court martial of a soldier at one of the Arizona cavalry posts a few years ago.

The enlisted man, who was the youngest son of a wealthy citizen of Buffalo, had been expelled from West Point for wildness and a general disregard of the rules of the Military Academy. Rather than face the humiliation of returning home he went to New York and enlisted as a private in the cavalry arm.

Several years before his eldest brother had obtained a commission in the army from civil life, and he was serving with his troop of cavalry in Arizona at the time his younger brother became a private.

In the shuffle of recruiting and post changing it came about that the younger brother was slated to go to the same Arizona post at which the elder brother was serving. When the private heard of it he tried in all sorts of ways to make some other cavalry post, but, without backing, he couldn't do this.

With a large batch of recruits he was sent to the Arizona post at which his officer brother was stationed. When the gang of rookies lined up at the commanding officer's headquarters for assignment to the various cavalry troops the ex-cadet suffered the additional mortification of hearing his fictitious name called out for assignment to his brother's troop.

The brothers, officer and man, did not meet until reveille on the following morning. Then the Lieutenant indicated by a slight start and scowl that he recognized his brother, who stood in the rear rank, with his eyes straight before him.

Whether later the brothers had any secret meeting or understanding did not come out, but the ex-cadet received no favors at the hands of the First Lieutenant of his troop. It was observed, on the contrary, that he was treated harshly on several occasions by that officer, who was a martinet at best.

After his first few months of soldiering as a private the canteen, which was then an institution, began to exercise rather too much of a fascination for the ex-cadet, and he eventually found himself in the guard house working out a ten day sentence as the result of a pay day drunk. This created additional bitterness toward him on the part of his brother, who thenceforward treated him with great severity.

When the youngster came out of the guard house the outfit was just about to move against the Apache Kid. During the difficult campaign of the ensuing half year the ex-cadet conducted himself with such nerve and address that the Captain of his troop promoted him first to the corporal's chevrons and then made him a sergeant.

When the regiment returned to the Arizona garrison the first man the new sergeant saw on the parade ground was a Second Lieutenant just out from West Point, whom he had badly thrashed in a prize fight at the Point a couple of years before. The Second Lieutenant saw the sergeant at the same time, and he repaired immediately to the commanding officer's quarters to report what he knew of the sergeant's record.

The sergeant, knowing that he was nailed, and consequently reckless, repaired to the canteen and began to drink. He emerged from the canteen to face his brother, who had already been called to the commanding officer's quarters to receive a wigging for not having revealed his relationship to the ex-cadet, and who was pretty hot in consequence. His appearance sobered the younger brother, who stood at attention and saluted.

"You're a blackguard," was the way the lieutenant greeted his brother.

"That may well be," was the sergeant's reply, "but there's one thing that I sure am not—a cad. And that's you."

"Are you sober enough to be aware that you are addressing your superior officer?" asked the Lieutenant, white with wrath.

"Plenty sober enough," was the younger brother's reply. "And by the same token I'm going to knock my superior officer down."

Suiting the action to the word, the sergeant caught the Lieutenant on the point of the jaw with a sudden swing of his right and put him down and out. He was in the guardhouse dungeon three minutes later.

The charges against him when he faced the general court martial were serious enough to land him in a military prison for a long stretch—fraudulent enlistment, drunkenness on duty, striking his superior officer, and so on. Certain mitigating circumstances were considered by the court, however, and he only got two years at Fort Leavenworth. He was almost immediately pardoned by the President of the United States.

His wealthy father never forgave the eldest son, the Lieutenant, for his treatment of his enlisted brother, characterized him as a cad as long as he lived, and when he died left him altogether out of his will.

A somewhat similar case occurred in the navy along in the early '90s. An Ensign attached to a ship lying at the Mare Island Navy Yard, California, stood at the gangway one day as officer of the deck, to receive on board a large number of bluejacket recruits from the receiving ship Independence.

One of the recruits early over the side was the Ensign's elder brother, who had not been seen or heard of by his family for years. The brother in the bluejacket uniform, a thoroughgoing able seaman from the grommet of his cap to the soles of his shoes, also recognized his brother with the gilt on his coat and cap, but he took his place in the deck line to answer to his name—an assumed one—without so much as giving the Ensign a second glance. A week later the ship left for the Asiatic station.

The bluejacket brother had put in the years during which his people had not heard from him at sea in the merchant marine, and he had a mate's papers when he shipped in the navy. He was so fine a seaman that he was rated cox'un and then first class bo'sun's mate before the ship got to Asiatic waters.

His brother, the Ensign, was so exasperated over the presence of his brother up for'ard that he could not bring himself to treat the bo'sun's mate with justice when he was officer of the deck.

When the ship reached Yokohama the starboard watch went ashore on liberty. Most of the liberty party returned to the ship pretty well sakied up, but the bo'sun's mate was perfectly steady on his legs. Yet he was the only man ordered into the ship's brig for drunkenness by his brother, the Ensign, who happened to be officer of the deck when the liberty party returned to the ship.

After he had done his ten days in the brig in double irons, he returned to the deck and took up his duties as seaman. He had been reduced from his rating as bo'sun's mate. He was a quiet man, however, and so he polished up his bright work and kept his tongue between his teeth.

One night, about a month later, when the ship was lying in the harbor of Nagasaki, about a dozen of the fourth class men who were not permitted to go ashore on liberty resolved to jump ship and go ashore anyhow. They waited until after pipe down had been sounded at 9 o'clock at night. Then they quietly slipped down the for'ard anchor chains, one by one, into the water, and swam ashore to the docks, about 300 yards distant.

They had invited the seaman brother of the Ensign to go along with them, but he refused, and turned into his hammock for his night's rest.

At 4 o'clock in the morning the shipjumpers, drunk as most of them were, swam quietly back from the docks to the ship, climbed up the for'ard anchor chains, and everything would have been well with them and their adventure if there had not been a loud splash on the starboard side of the ship just as the last of the shipjumpers was climbing on board.

The marine sentry at the gangway heard the splash and he was in the midst of the ship jumpers in a jiffy. The ship jumpers were all huddled together, watching the struggles of a man in the water, near the for'ard anchor chains.

The man got to the anchor chains easily enough and climbed on board. He was the seaman brother of the Ensign. The man was a somnambulist, and, just about the time when the ship jumpers were silently stealing on board, he had left his hammock while still asleep, walked to the port rail on the to'gallant fo'c'sle, and, leaning too far forward over the guard chain, had fallen into the water. The cold water of the sea awoke him and he clambered up the anchor chains in the wake of the last of the returning ship jumpers.

The case against him looked clear enough. The marine sentry herded them all down to the main deck and made his report to the officer of the deck, who again happened to be the Ensign brother of the seaman.

"I was not ashore," said the seaman to the ensign, when it came his turn to say something for himself. "I got out of my hammock in my sleep and tumbled overboard."

"Stow your lies for another time," replied the Ensign. "Sentry, you saw this man climbing up the for'ard anchor chains?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sentry.

Half a dozen of the ship jumpers stepped forward.

"He was not ashore, sir," they said. "We asked him to go with us, but he wouldn't come along. We heard him fall into the water as we climb up the anchor gear."

"I'll prefer charges against the six of you for lying, too," said the Ensign. "Sentry, awaken the chief master-at-arms and send him aft."

When the Jimmy Legs showed up a minute later, "Confine all of these men in double irons in the brig," the Ensign said to him.

"Come on, boys," said the chief master-at-arms, and all of them except the seaman, unjustly accused, started forward for the brig, the master-at-arms behind them.

The seaman walked up to his brother, the Ensign, without a word and stretched him full at length upon the deck.

Then the master-at-arms grabbed him, put him in the solitary brig in double irons and then helped the marine sentry to bring around the unconscious Ensign.

The seaman who had flattened out his brother and superior officer was in for a long naval prison term, and he knew it. He afterward maintained that he never intended to give away his kinship to the Ensign at the court martial, held on board the flagship to try his case, but that his brother gave him so little show at the trial that he found he couldn't help himself.

The Ensign made it pretty hard for his brother at the trial. In spite of the fact that all the men in the ship jumping party on the night the Ensign was knocked down by his brother testified that the seaman had not been with them ashore, and that they had heard him fall into the water when they were returning aboard, the Ensign expressed his conviction that he had been one of the ship jumpers.

This, it appeared, was more than the seaman could tolerate.

The Ensign told the story to the court about the seaman having knocked him down on the deck.

"Were you crazy, my man, that you did this thing?" the president of the court asked the seaman.

"No, I was not crazy," replied the seaman. "He needed a clouting. It was not the first time I had cudgelled the whelp about a bit when he needed it."

The sensation in the court was immense.

"What's that?" gasped the president of the court. "What are you talking——"

"Oh, I used to often whack the cub around the legs with a shinny stick when he bothered me," said the seaman, coolly.

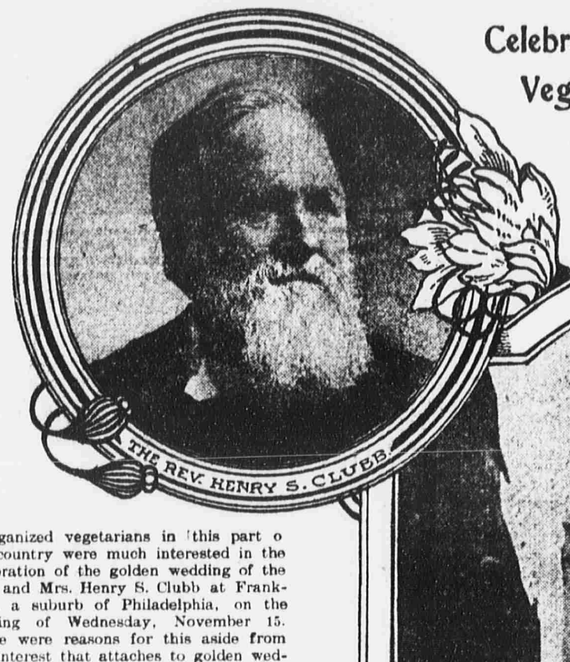
"Why," said the president of the court, "what—when——"

"Something like fifteen years ago, when we were at home together," interrupted the seaman. "The mean whelp's my brother, you see."

The court sentenced the seaman to a simple dishonorable discharge from the navy. His brother, the Ensign, applied immediately for a transfer to another ship, and got it without any trouble.

A VEGETARIAN GOLDEN WEDDING.

Celebration of a Unique Colony of Prosperous Vegetarians in Philadelphia in Honor of the Pastor of a Vegetarian Church



THE REV. HENRY S. CLUBB.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH OF PHILADELPHIA.

MRS HENRY S. CLUBB.

Organized vegetarians in this part of the country were much interested in the celebration of the golden wedding of the Rev. and Mrs. Henry S. Clubb at Frankford, a suburb of Philadelphia, on the evening of Wednesday, November 15. There were reasons for this aside from the interest that attaches to golden weddings in general.

The Rev. Mr. Clubb is the president of the Vegetarian Society of America, the natonal organization of the cult. He has been a vegetarian longer probably than any other member of the society which he heads, for he has practised a strict vegetarianism for sixty-nine years, having adopted that dietary when only 9 years old. During nearly the whole of that period he has abstained from the flesh of animals, eating meat only when he could not get anything else, at the time of his service with the Northern army in the civil war.

Mr. Clubb is the pastor of the Bible Christian Church, worshipping at Christ Church in Third street, above Girard avenue, Philadelphia. His parishioners form a peculiar and prosperous colony at Frankford, where they own the land, the houses, the shops, the industries, pretty much everything in sight in their colony.

These parishioners to the number of fifty and several friends and relatives, some members of the Philadelphia Vegetarian Society, of which the Rev. Mr. Clubb is also president, and a few enthusiastic vegetarians from other cities gathered at his home for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, partook of a vegetarian repast and appropriately expressed their felicitations.

His church presented to Mr. and Mrs. Clubb a purse containing fifty gold dollars. The house had been decked with flowers. Mr. Clubb read a poem he had written for the occasion, and "A Vegetarian Golden Wedding Song" composed by Edward Metcalfe, a member of the church, was sung by all present.

Many of the people present were vegetarian sons and daughters of vegetarians, some were third and fourth generation vegetarians and one little lady of two years was a vegetarian of the fifth generation. The New York Vegetarian Society was represented by Charles A. Montgomery, its secretary.

Mr. Clubb assured his friends that he was "78 years young" and that he was enjoying a degree of health and vigor rarely enjoyed at that age because of his long adherence to vegetarianism. He was born in Colchester, England, on June 21, 1827.

He married Miss Anne Barbara Henderson on November, 15, 1855, at Allegan, Mich. They have had six children, of whom three daughters are living. Mrs. Clubb, as well as her husband, is in robust health.

Before he came to America Mr. Clubb edited the *Vegetarian Messenger* of Manchester, England, from 1850 to 1852. He removed to the United States in 1853. He published the "History and Results of the Maine Law" in 1856.

From 1857 to 1862 he lived at Grand Haven, Mich., where he edited the *Clarion*, an anti-slavery publication, and also took an active part in the management of the underground railroad. In 1862 he was commissioned by President Lincoln an Assistant Quartermaster in the Union Army, with the rank of Captain. He was wounded at the second battle of Corinth on October 3, 1862. During the siege of Vicksburg he served under Gen. Grant as master of river transportation and became Acting Quartermaster of the Seventeenth Army Corps in 1865.

After the close of the war he served under Gen. Sheriden at San Antonio, Tex., in 1865 and 1866. Upon his return to civil life he again made his home in Grand Haven, Mich.; where he was editor and publisher of the *Herald* from 1870 to 1872. He was twice elected Alderman of Grand Haven and served as State Senator in 1873-74.

He was called as pastor of the Bible Christian Church of Philadelphia in 1876, where he still continues in active service, and is apparently as energetic and enthusiastic in his work as he was thirty years ago. He is the editor of *Food, Home and Garden*, a monthly vegetarian publication, and corresponding editor of the *Vegetarian Magazine* of Chicago, and of the *Vegetarian Messenger* of Manchester, England.

Mr. Clubb's church, the Bible Christian Church of Philadelphia, is unique in America—the only branch, or offshoot, of the Bible Christian Church in Manchester, England. It was founded by the Rev. William Metcalfe in 1817, and he remained its pastor until 1862.

Without adopting any formal creed, the Bible Christians accept the Bible "as expressing in its literal and spiritual signification all the doctrines and principles essential to salvation." Among the cardinal doctrines of the Church, summed up as Article XIV. of the synopsis issued by the Church, is the following:

The discipline of the Bible Christian Church requires its members to be admitted by baptism; to partake of the Holy Supper; to abstain from eating flesh, fish or fowl as food; from drinking intoxicating liquors of all kinds; from war and capital punishment and slavery.

The final article of faith says: "That the ultimate result of the coming of Jesus Christ and the dissemination of Divine truth and love will be the establishment of a Celestial Church, or the Kingdom of Christ on earth, predicted by Isaiah as 'the Holy Mountain of the Lord,' whereon 'they shall not hurt nor destroy,' but all will live in harmony and peace."

Hence, every member of the church must be a strict vegetarian, respect all animal life and be obedient to the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill."

TRIALS OF AN ANIMAL ARTIST

FOUR FOOTED MODELS ARE HARD TO POSE.

Task of Getting a Mountain Lion to Crouch—Pursuit of Cows by a Couple of Artists—The Elephant an Example of Perpetual Motion—Animals in the Studio.

"For trouble," said an animal artist, "there is nothing in the art line to beat animal models.

"If the story to be illustrated, for instance, calls for the picture of a wounded mountain lion crouched to spring upon a prospector the model for the prospector will pose easily enough, but the model for that lion—exasperating subject!

"The artist starts in quest of this creature, to be found at the nearest zoo, and takes with him three or four well sharpened lead pencils in his pocket, and a handy sketch book. Sauntering into the lion house, his eyes alight immediately on a mountain lion—four or five, perhaps; but—and there are 'buts' innumerable in this work—each brute is engaged in bumping its nose the whole length of the bars and back again.

"The man with the sketch book affects to be interested elsewhere; a hollow pretence, for his head jerks sharply around every few moments, as if one of those lions had assumed a beautiful springing attitude and was waiting for the artist to come and take his picture. The foul air of the place nauseates him, and he hurries outside to see the pelicans, the elephants, the camels, the bears, the zebus, the eagles, the prairie dogs, the flamingoes, every inhabitant of the zoo, in fact, and sandwiches a trip to that lion house between visits.

"He keeps up this incessant zigzag until the droning of a myriad whistles announces the loss of a whole morning's work.

"The next day he is again at that lion house with jaws set and determined for a supreme effort. Besides, it is feeding time, and the keeper has promised to help.

"With the aid of this important personage, an iron rod and a chunk of beef, the brute is tantalized into some admirable positions. Instantly the pencil flies to work in the sketch book, and you may be sure every stroke tells.

"Now it is a few vigorous lines of the head, now of the paws, a splendid straining action of the hind leg, a wicked slant of the ears, a fiendish expression of eye, a suggestion of quivering muscles, an entirely new pose, another pose, and finally a magnificent attitude which the brute holds wondrously long.

"This business of animal sketching might indeed tend to increase the number of the insane were it not for the inexhaustible supply of humorous incidents accompanying it. With another artist I started one blazing afternoon to sketch cows. As usual, the cows demurred and marched off over a neighboring hilltop, with the sweltering artists after them.

"My friend, who was of an ingenious turn of mind, hit upon the idea of sketching two bossies at one time, and as soon as the brutes lay down again—from sheer disgust, I believe, at being so ceaselessly followed—he worked first in one corner of his sketching pad, and then in the other.

"I had hardly moved the pencil on my paper, however, before the brute in front of me meandered off, taking one of Smith's with her. Smith chuckled as he proceeded to complete the drawing of his still remaining model, but—oh, joy of joys!—Smith's first cow, after slowly circling around the herd, deliberately flopped down in front of Smith's second cow.

"An experience of a different order occurred in a popular zoo. Adjoining the tiger's cage was that of an ant eater, and the occupant of this enclosure, after the manner of its brethren in the Southern hemisphere, busily squirmed its worm-like tongue all over the floor, industriously worked it into every nook and corner, yea strenuously wriggled it through a tiny hole which chanced in the partition separating South America from Bengal. A piercing shriek, a scared tiger sketcher, a wholly satisfied tiger, and an ant eater minus about two feet of tongue were the salient features of a very exciting short story.

"Have you ever carefully studied the movements of an elephant at close quarters? If you have, you already know that this beast is a species of perpetual motion machine. His four independent legs have each not the least regard for the movements of its fellows, his body sways in a series of orbits entirely careless as to the rest of his whereabouts, his head is never caught posing in vain repetition, while his trunk constantly interferes with sketching any other part of him. Now, when this complication has to be pictured, not as he stands there, but as he is depicted by the author whose article is to be illustrated, the difficulties which confront an artist may easily be imagined.

"An unusually complex specimen of this nature used to hold forth in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, in the furthest end of the barred enclosure, and to keep his tail religiously turned toward us when we wished to sketch his head. He was a bribe taking elephant, too, for on no account could he be induced to come to the front unless we constantly held out to him the sweet buns of which he was particularly fond.

"Smaller animals are frequently sketched in the studio, and, besides, in the workshop of an animal artist numbers of pets often find permanent residence. What an invitation to calamity—animals and plaster casts.

"A baby bear amid the studio trappings is burning in my memory yet, a sober faced, black little fellow, a comedian of the highest order, who made the laughing tears trickle down our cheeks and our sides ache. His troubles began ere he reached us, through no fault of his own but of the typical errand boy whom we sent after him.

"Seated in the elevated train, with the basketed bear in his lap, inquisitiveness got the better of the boy, and he pried the cover open ever so little, for just one peep! A bear's head wriggling out where vegetables ought to have been; some hysterical women and startled men, and a brakeman; boy, bear and basket landing at the next station without any well defined order of precedence completed the tableau!

"After we had finished with his bearship, the woolly fellow got employment in the show window of a downtown candy store, and still later was on exhibition in a dime museum.

"Among our transient boarders was the bullfrog and the crow that tried to eat the bullfrog—endeavoring apparently to follow the green fellow's own example in swallowing a leopard frog purchased for a special drawing. Then there were the wild squirrel and the three rats which escaped, and the pet chicken and the snails that showed unusual speed when being sketched, and the deer mice that kept the illustrator up for three nights until 2 A. M. because it was against their principles to put in an appearance until after dark, and the big Virginia owl that took complete charge of the studio, artists included, until he was in turn discharged out of the skylight window.

"How the janitress of that building and her assistants did hate us all! We kindly tried our best to convince them of the folly of being frightened because our two foot alligator strode before their apartments one evening, hissed every time they went into the hall, and caused a postponement of much sweeping until I rescued them on the following morning. 'Twas impossible to make them see things our way, however, and they exhibited no more breadth of mind when some few weeks later the little baby bear stole out and put an end to all traffic on one floor for a while.

"I suppose baby bears are somewhat out of place in an office building on Union Square, but then articles on baby bears have to be illustrated."

THE DIMINISHING TURKEY DINNER.

A Thanksgiving Experience of Mr. Billtops in Leaner Days, Before Fortune Smiled.

"Happily," said Mr. Billtops, "we are now able to buy as big a turkey as we need, I suppose," he added modestly, "we could find the money for two turkeys if we wanted them; but it hasn't always been so. I remember one Thanksgiving in particular when we sure were poor.

"But we had, all along, counted on having a turkey just the same. We were both of us, Mrs. Billtops and I, always disposed to take a cheerful view; we always have been, and that year was no exception, and so, though we did have to count every cent, Mrs. Billtops said we'd have a turkey, of course, and a nice one, and we didn't doubt it for a minute.

"That is, when we talked about it well in advance of the day. But as the day drew nearer and our actual financial situation became more plainly apparent to us—I tell you we had to figure closely that year—Elizabeth, that's Mrs. Billtops, reduced somewhat the size of the turkey we were going to have.

"Turkeys, she said, were so much a pound, I forget how much, but they were high that season, and we really didn't need such a big turkey anyway, and so we reduced the weight of the turkey that we were going to get by about two or three pounds, bringing it down from a ten-pounder to one that would weigh, say about seven and a half or eight, which, you know, is really a very nice sized turkey, and so we finally settled on that, and we knew we'd be very well satisfied with it, too.

"And for a week, in fancy, we dwelt with delight, or I did, anyway, on that handsome, prospective, eight pound turkey; and then, about three days before Thanksgiving, when we came to tote up the cash——

"'Well,' said Elizabeth, 'what do we want of an eight pound turkey, Ezra, for just you and me? You like chicken better than turkey anyway, and so do I. We'll just have a nice, four pound roast chicken, that's what we will do, and it will be better than a turkey.'

"And so we decided that we wouldn't have a turkey after all. We'd just have a nice roast chicken, stuffed the way I liked it. And I could sniff that chicken cooking already, and I was more than satisfied to come down from turkey to chicken.

"Maybe you can't understand why we should have to; why we couldn't have afforded a dollar, just a dollar more, and got the turkey. But we couldn't, and I suppose, if you knew where to look for 'em, you'd find people to-day in just the same situation, counting every cent because they have to, and these not people broken down or distressed by any sort of means, people cheerful and undisturbed, but just obliged, simply obliged, to figure so by stress of circumstances.

"And that's the way that we were fixed at just that time; we couldn't cipher out the money for a turkey, and so we finally decided on a chicken.

"But when Thanksgiving Day actually came that year we didn't even have a chicken. Mrs. Billtops handled the finances of our establishment, and in the last day before Thanksgiving some unexpected demand on us for money turned up, small, of course, but great for us, with our small capital and narrow margin, and whatever it was it wiped out the possibility of even a chicken.

"And Elizabeth hadn't told me about this. She never worried me when she could help it. But when the day came I didn't smell any chicken cooking, and as a matter of fact we came down that year at last from a ten pound turkey to a Thanksgiving dinner of fried eggs. But it was far from being a solemn dinner.

"'If we couldn't have a chicken, Ezra,' said Mrs. Billtops smilingly, as she put an egg on my plate, 'we have come as near to having one as we could. We've got eggs.'

"And blessed by her undaunted spirit, which has never failed, that was as cheerful a Thanksgiving dinner as I ever ate, and I've had a friendly feeling for fried eggs ever since.

"But come! There's the bell, and now I smell turkey!"

THE WHISTLING MILKMAN.

And Some Comments by a Sage Young Man on Cheerful Night Workers.

"I think," said the pretty young woman who is just now convalescing after a long fit of illness, "I think the milkmen must be the jolliest people in the world. Aren't they?

"I don't know how I should have got along without them when I was ill. They used to cheer me so. I used to lie there, night after night, wide awake all night long with everybody else in the world asleep, and everything still and solemn, and then along would come a milkman, with his horse clomping down the street and the milkman whistling or singing as he came.

"I believe that all the milkmen that went through our block used to whistle or sing; and I got so I knew them all and used to look for them.

"Everything dark and still, not a sound anywhere in the night, and I'd be lying there, waiting for morning to come; and then along would come one of the milkmen, nobody in the street but him, singing. And so some would come singing and some whistling, but they all seemed to be cheerful, and I think they must be all nice men. Aren't they, the milkmen?"

"Well, yes," said the sage young man to whom the pretty young woman had propounded this inquiry; "they have to be pretty good men, but I don't know that they are naturally any more cheerful than the average—it's the nature of their work and environment that brings out such cheerfulness as they have.

"What is true of the milkman is true of many other night workers. All night workers are distinctly cheerful or chastened; the great majority of them cheerful; and in the greater sense of spaciousness and freedom that comes to them when so few are abroad, and what with the unconventionality of the hour, men open up more then, and if by chance in such circumstances a number of men come together with anything like regularity they become freer and more friendly and more brotherly one to another than they would by day.

"My work begins far down town, at 5 o'clock in the morning. To make it I get up at 3, and daily I take a train, at my far uptown elevated station, at 4; an hour at which it is black night now, as black and as still as when you heard the milkman.

"There are four of us who meet at that hour on the platform regularly to take the same train, the four of us in as many different occupations, and now all going to work. And we meet as friends, and stand there and discuss things cheerfully together waiting for the train and when that comes we all board the same car.

"We all know the ticket seller and the ticket chopper. We greet them as we come through, and we all know the guard, and we say good morning to him, too, as we go aboard, and we fancy he is glad to see us; as we are to see him, for we ride with him every morning. And in the car—plenty of room at this hour—we have our several seats, each man his own corner, which none of the others would dream of taking.

"Now, it wouldn't be possible for these four men to travel so by day. They might come to some daytime train all at the same hour for weeks and months and years, but, though they took the same train and car, never even meet, and never know one another if they did meet."

"A LANDSCAPE BY MARTEL."

Early Days of Poverty Recalled to a New York Artist by a Highly Esteemed Picture.

"It doesn't seem so very long to me since I was passing through my secondary starving stage here in New York," said a landscape painter who has been very successful in recent years. "My first starving period was in Paris. I had four years of it there. There wasn't anything romantic or engaging about it.

"The outlook for me was pretty poor when I got back to New York. I got a picture or so skied at the exhibitions here, but I couldn't sell anything worth mentioning. At that time I did a good deal of meditating on the life and general environment of truck drivers as a class.

"The dealers just about kept me alive. One day I got hold of enough carfare to run up into the country, up Westchester way, and a little Bronx scene caught my fancy.

"An arch of new leaves, very clear whitey-blue water, a dead oak across the stream and a lot of sifted sunlight—I painted it, and it was all right, if I do say so as oughn't. I knew it was all right.

"My best dealer offered me $10 for it. I folded the wrapper around it and took it down the line. My second-best dealer offered me $8 for the little picture.

"I wrapped it up again, and went on. Ten dollars was the best offer I could get for it. I took it back to my studio—great name, that, for the little 8x10 dive I had then—and turned the picture to the wall.

"'Not on their lives,' I growled to myself, 'will they get it for any ten, or for three times any ten. This is a good picture. If I can't get fifty for it, I'll saw the canvas into shoestrings. I need shoestrings, anyhow.'

"About a week later a man I never saw before came to my studio. A chatty, nervous, shrewd eyed chap he was, well dressed, prosperous looking—a thorough-going Yankee, by the way he talked.

"'Got anything to sell?' he asked me.

"'Oh, a dealer!' I thought, exultantly. A dealer actually looking me up! That was odd.

"'Slews of things,' I told him. 'Look 'em over. All for sale.'

"He critically examined about twenty canvases that I had littered around the little painting den; and finally he came to my little Bronx scene.

"'Give you fifty for this,' he said, after he had examined it.

"'God rest you, merry gentleman—it's yours,' said I.

"He paid me the fifty and took the picture out under his arm, telling me that he'd come back again some time or other. I've never seen him since.

"Well, a few evenings ago a New York man of my acquaintance invited me to his house to have a look at his pictures. He told me that he had a great deal of rubbish, but, then, a few good ones, too.

"I found that he had more good ones than rubbish. He showed them all to me in detail, telling me their prices frankly.

"Then we came to my little Bronx scene—recognized it instantly!

"'Now, here's one of my beauties,' he said, not observing my surprise, which you may suppose was considerable. 'A bit of the headwaters of the River Loire. By an obscure artist, it is true—one Jacques Martel—but none the less a real gem. I prize it very highly. Essentially the new French school, isn't it, that way of treating sunlight? This Jacques Martel, I understand, was a very young artist who died prematurely, just when he was beginning to gain recognition. Very sad. Mellow, that sunlight, isn't it?'

"'Oh, delightfully mellow,' said I, quite frankly. 'Nice picture. I don't seem to remember Martel, though. This thing proves that he had promise, undeniably. You got the picture at a bargain?'

"'Well, no, I did not,' my New York friend replied. 'I paid rather a stiff price for that bit. That's the trouble with some of these agents—they do so gruel you. I paid seven hundred and fifty for that. I liked it, and I wanted it keenly, and the man who sold it to me had such an exalted idea of the fame that would come to Martel, the dead young painter, after the real value of his work was recognized. I don't begrudge the money, however. Lot of inspiration and atmosphere in that little picture, don't you think?'

"'Martel would have become eminent had he lived,' I replied, quite truthfully, for Martel never did live, of course, and the crafty dealer who had sold the picture as a "Martel," had painted in the fictitious signature with a delightfully Frenchy flourish.

"Where would have been the use of my putting the owner of my little old Bronx scene right? I'm only an American, with a rather a prosaic name for an artist, and all of the sunlight would go out of that picture for the owner, I think, if I were to tell him there had been no Martel, alive or dead, and that I had sold the picture for $50, and had been deucedly glad to get it."

OLDEST ADIRONDACK GUIDE.

Uncle Chester Day at 103 Is Now Thinking of Retiring.

MALONE, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Uncle Chester Day of Colton, the oldest guide in the Adirondacks and one of the oldest citizens of the State, has made definite announcement of his intention to retire after a career of the better part of a century devoted to woodcraft in St. Lawrence county.

It is the belief of every one hereabouts that Uncle Chester has passed the century mark by several years, his age being placed at 103 by persons who have investigated the matter. Uncle Chester is very testy on the question, though, asserting that he is a mere chicken of 83.

That this is improbable has been pointed out to him many times. He has a son who is 72 and a grandson nearly 43, and he admits that he delayed marrying until he was 30. Uncle Chester's answer to these arguments is invariably that only fools figure, and that as he is the only person now alive in St. Lawrence county who was present at his birth, he ought to know something about the circumstances.

He was active as a guide until a year or so ago, when his health began to fail. Since that time he has resumed work only on those occasions when patrons of many years standing came into the woods for their annual shooting.

This season he went from Colton to the Hollywood camp, a distance of twenty-five miles, to see one of his city friends, but he did nothing in the way of guiding.

Uncle Chester is of Indian blood and has spent his life in the wilderness of St. Lawrence, Franklin and Hamilton counties, with occasional trips into Herkimer and Essex. In his younger days he made his living by hunting and trapping, learning the Adirondack region as few guides of to-day know it.

When the region became popular with hunters from the cities, Uncle Chester, then a man in middle life, seized the opportunity with many others and became a guide. He soon became known as one of the three or four who stood by themselves in superiority.

Tall and thin, his powers of endurance are remarkable, his ability to carry canoes long distances and to keep on his feet on extensive tours being equal to that of guides half a century younger than he.

Leaves 104 Descendants.

Rutland correspondence Boston Herald.

Mrs. Rose Marchand is dead at Fair Haven, aged 85 years, leaving over 100 descendants.

She was married at the age of 20 and gave birth to fourteen children, nine of whom survive her. She leaves fifty-five grandchildren and forty great grandchildren. Mrs. Marchand and her husband celebrated their golden wedding in 1890.